

The Ypsilantian

EIGHTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, AUG. 18, 1887.

NUMBER 398.

Common Council Proceedings.

SPECIAL MEETING.
WEDNESDAY EVE., Aug. 10, '87.

Mayor presiding.

ROLL called; absent Ald. Deubel.

PETITIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Hon. the Common Council of the City of Ypsilanti:

The Petitioners respectfully request permission to erect a coal shed 29 x 30 feet in the rear of their premises and fronting on the track of the Michigan Central railroad.

On motion of Ald. Kirk, prayer of petitioners granted.

YPSILANTI, Mich., Aug. 4, 1887.

Hon. Mayor and Common Council of the City of Ypsilanti:

Gentlemen.—We will substitute towers one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet high for the ones 75 feet high now existing for you, for the sum of four thousand dollars, and make known to present contract price. Respectfully,

Jenney Electric Company,

Per Jas. L. Ayer.

On motion, proposition was accepted and change ordered.

Ayes 9. Nays 0.

REPORTS OF OFFICERS.

From City Attorney—

To the Honorable Common Council:—A motion of Alderman Kirk, among other things, provided that no "real estate" or any interest therein shall be purchased, sold or disposed of, unless by ordinance or resolution of the Common Council, or by resolution of two-thirds of all the aldermen elect. The question is submitted to me, whether under this section, the leasing of land for a term of years, requires a concurring vote of two-thirds of the aldermen elect.

That the question whether the expression "interest in real estate" includes a lease for a term of years, is not clearly defined, so that by a recent decision—a newspaper copy of which is hereto attached—of Attorney General Garland, in which he held that the word "interest in real estate" in a statute of the Legislature should not be extended to include a lease.

In my opinion, however, the language of our statutes and the common law decisions, so far as I can see, that the words "interest in lands" or "real estate," are meant to include all leasehold interests. In section 6179 of Huron's Statutes, the expression, "interest in lands" is used with reference to leasehold interests.

Our charter must be presumed to have been granted by the Legislature of the State.

Therefore, I hold that the leasing of real estate requires a concurring vote of two-thirds of all the aldermen elect.

Respectfully yours,

CHAS. R. WILMOTH,

City Attorney.

Accepted and filed.

MOTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS.

By Ald. Follmor—

Resolved, That the Com. on Street Lights be and are hereby instructed to purchase the lot proffered by the Goo. Co. on Forest ave. at not exceeding \$200.

Lost.

Ayes 9. Nays 0.

On motion, Council adjourned to meet Monday Eve., Aug. 15, 1887, at 7:30 o'clock.

FRANK JOSLYN,

Clerk.

REGULAR MEETING.

MONDAY EVE., Aug. 15, 1887.

Council met.

Mayor presiding.

ROLL called; absent Ald. Deubel.

REPORTS OF OFFICERS.

D. C. Griffen, a sum of fine money collected during month of Aug. 15, 1887.

Accepted and filed.

CLAIMS AND ACCOUNTS.

Ypsilanti Gas Co., lighting lamps, July, \$71.70

G. C. Carlton & Co., supplies, fire dept., 60.50

M. Cremer, supplies and street work, 54.20

S. Hutchinson, police, 15.00

Y. H. Johnson, from construction fund, 5.00

Ayes 9. Nays 0.

Voted from respective Ward Funds.

Ayes 9. Nays 0.

MOTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS.

By Ald. Follmor—

Resolved, That the Marshal be and he is hereby instructed to cause a sidewalk four feet in width to be constructed on the north side of Oak street, adjoining lots 554, 555, 556 and 557 Nos. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 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THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1887.

A Georgia physician has succeeded in removing a half-pound tumor from a hen.

One more whack at railroad legislation and the conductor will have to pay his fare like the passengers.—*San Francisco Alta*.

One year's undisturbed possession of a set dog will destroy the veracity of the best man in America.—*Mason (Ga.) Telegraph*.

A poor little college does not make a man bigger by giving him a title that is to be added to his name and become a nuisance forever.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

A writer on political economy says: "It's the little leaks that tell." Yes, indeed; a little leak will give you away as fast as an overgrown onion.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Young wife (petulantly) "Well, even if I don't come to meet you every night as I used, what does it signify?" Young husband—"That we have been married six months."—*Life*.

To look like the majority of the pictures in fashion magazines a woman would have to carry her stomach under her chin and her liver in the small of her back.—*New York Graphic*.

It is a problem of mathematicians to decide which will make a man start the quicker, a Canada thistle in his chair or an invitation to "have something" with a friend.—*Dansville Breeze*.

Tourist—"How long has this been a prohibition town?" Native—"Six weeks." Tourist (to his friends) "We're all right boys. Here, Johnny, show us the way to the best saloon."—*Burke's Eagle*.

"Temperance," says an esteemed contemporary, "puts coal on the fire." Away with temperance for the next four months, then! What we want now is something that puts ice on it.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Lend me \$5; I need them very much." "What for?" "I want to pawn my watch." "But you don't need any money for that." "Indeed I do. I must get it from the watchmaker's first."—*Jeweler's Weekly*.

A possible tenant inspects a cottage to rent, and inquires about the quality of the air. "The air!" exclaims the landlord, "the air is wonderful. One becomes a centenarian quicker here than anywhere else."—*French Fun*.

Bobson—What makes you look so cheerful to-day? Dempsey? Dempsey.—My daughter left the window open yesterday and our piano was struck by lightning. You can't imagine what a relief it is.—*Burlington Free Press*.

Lightning knocked over three men who were sitting on boxes in front of a grocery store in Paterson, N. J. One of them was knocked senseless. The other exclaimed: "Leggo! I'm comin' right home."—*Burlington Free Press*.

A 3-year-old, who afflicted probably by the hot weather, had been cross and fretful all day, was asked rather sharply by his mother: "What's the matter?" "I want it to snow." was the child's prompt reply.—*Albany Journal*.

A young physician who had recently hung out his sign came home one day in high spirits. "Do you know, my dear," he said to his wife, "I'm really becoming quite well known here. The undertakers bow to me already."—*French Fun*.

"Say," observed a distinguished member of Chicago's literary circle, to another, "it's my opinion that this Bacon cipher is good thing." "Is it?" replied the other greatly interested. "Does it give points on land, too?"—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

The professor was examining a young candidate in law. The subject being inheritance, he said: "When a nephew inherits money from his uncle what has he to do?" "Nothing in the world, monsieur, except to enjoy himself."—*French Fun*.

A great truth: Lager-beer is a better drink than whisky on a hot day. Another great truth? Ice-water is a better drink than lager-beer on that same day.—*New York Sun*. Still another great truth: And the less you drink of either the better it will be for you.

The Philadelphia Crematory Association has completed its plans for a mortuary bakery. No furnaces will be needed, because the requisite heat for incinerating human bodies will be supplied by storing up the average Philadelphia summer climate in large receivers.—*Life*.

There is a use for eats and a necessity for dogs: circumstances justify babies and throw a halo of extenuation about the milkman and the fishmonger, the "scissy grinder," and the mender of old umbrellas; but he that keepeth a peacock within city limits is utterly without excuse.—*Toronto Globe*.

The clever wife of a professor in a western college once wrote in one of those confession books where people put down their opinions on all sorts of subjects, in answer to the question, "What is your idea of a heroine?" "An educated American woman who does her own housework."—*Boston Traveler*.

Employer (to new clerk)—Didn't I see you coming out of a billiard saloon last night? New clerk (frightened)—Yes, sir. Employer—you play billiards then? New clerk—Yes, sir. Employer—Well, after we close up I'll go around and play you a game for the drinks. I'm something of a player myself.—*New York Sun*.

"Hello, Major," said the judge this morning, "I haven't seen you for a week, where have you been?" "Been home sick as a dog," replied the major. "You! Why, you were always as healthy as could be. What in the world made you ill?" Well, I tried to follow some rules on health I saw in the papers."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

There is a good deal of food for contemplation in the remark attributed to a Pacific coast Chinaman. He was taken to see one of the booming new towns, where all the outlying country was laid out in city lots, and he took it all in. When he returned home he was asked what he thought of it, and answered, "Too much by and by."—*Hartford Courant*.

"Nice evening," said a jolly militiaman to the policeman at the corner of Eleventh and D streets last night. "Yes," was the reply; "I am just admiring the stars." "What particular planet are you stuck on?" "Uranus." "I am not." It puts me in mind of the night before last Inauguration-Day when U-ran-us all-in."—*Washington*

LOVE THE ETERNAL.

I dream of thee, O Love, in visions flinging A magic halo around thy saint-like splendor, And bowed I worship thee until I render My soul to thine, until it rises singing Of Love enthroned Where myriad worlds its glorious sway have owned.

I almost died to view a form created From my heart's chaos, till in glory burning, More bright than stars or moons or suns returning, Thou castest to me in darkling snare be-lated.

And drew me to thy sphere, And hallowed me to be thine own com-peer.

Yes, thin for ever, Love, for passion never Dies, nor shall die, although sorrow hidden.

Its splendor changes, like the stars cloud-bidden;

Be bright no more that must be bright forever.

That shall forever shine In awful radiance from the bright divine.—[Morley Roberts.

CUP OF COLD WATER.

Shortly after the close of the great war, I travelled on the railway for some hours of a bright, June day, seated beside a young soldier, a cavalryman, from Wisconsin, who was on his way home, with an honorable discharge, after a service of four years. My fellow-traveller proved to be quite intelligent and sociably inclined, and beguiled the way by relating many incidents of the battle-field, and of camp and hospital life. One of the simplest of his stories, told with an appearance of the utmost good faith, I have never forgotten—remembering distinctly every detail, while some of his more marvelous and tragical narrations have quite faded from my mind.

"Our regiment," he said, "was under fire, in the spring of 1862, when we made such good time in getting down the Shenandoah Valley. It was an awful, driving, confused, exhausting, hurry-scry change of base," but it's curious that I chiefly remember it by a little incident which perhaps you will think was hardly worth laying up, and is hardly worth telling of."

I signified my desire to hear his little story and he went on:

"I was one morning dispatched, in hot haste, to the extreme rear, with a very important order. As I ill-looked would have it, I had to ride a strange horse, as my own had fallen lame. The one provided for me proved just the most ill-natured, vicious brute I ever mounted. I had hard work to mount him at all, for his furious rearing and plunging; and when, at last, I reached the saddle, he was so enraged, there was no getting him on for at least five minutes. With his ugly head down, and his ears back, he would whirl round and round, pivoting on his fore-feet, and lashing out with his hind-legs, till I fancy they must have looked like the spokes of a big wheel. When he found that I was master of the situation, that my hand was firm and my spurs were sharp, he gave in—till the next time, but I knew that he was continually watching for a chance to fling me over his head and trample the mastership out of me.

"I rode hard that day, both because of my orders, and for the purpose of putting that devil of a horse through;

but there were many obstructions in the road—marching columns, artillery, army-wagons, and, above all, hosts of contrabands, who were always scrambling to get out of your way, just into

your way; so it was noon before I had made half of my distance. It was a hot, sultry, and dusty day. I had exhausted my canteen, and was panting, with tongue almost lolling, like a dog.

Just as my thirst was becoming quite unbearable, I came upon a group of soldiers, lounging by a wayside spring, drinking and filling their canteens. At first I thought I would dismount, as my horse seemed pretty well subdued and blurred; but no sooner did he

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The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, AUG. 18, 1887.

We commend to the attention of our readers the original poem printed on this page, from the pen of a valued friend and contributor in Washington, D. C. Admirable in style, and lofty and ennobling in tone and sentiment, it is worthy of a place among the inspired compositions of English literature.

In the coroner's investigation of the dreadful railway disaster in Illinois last week, the responsibility of the railroad company because of negligence of its agents is pretty clearly shown. The bridge was undoubtedly burned by grass fires which might have been prevented or controlled by proper vigilance on the part of the track men. There is no support of the theory that it was fired by robbers. The death roll is not yet completed, but now shows about ninety dead. The train should have passed through this county on the Wabash road last Thursday.

The Free Press thinks that to be consistent the Texas prohibitionists, who would have insisted that their opponents should acquiesce in the decision had the amendment prevailed, should themselves "accept the decree and abide by it," now that the decision is adverse. What strange confusion of ideas prevails in the Free Press columns. That their opponents should obey the law, is what the prohibitionists of Texas would have insisted, had the amendment prevailed, and that is what they will themselves do, now that it did not prevail, and they are thus consistent; and it is what their opponents would not have done except under compulsion, if the result had been different. That either party to such a contest should acquiesce in such a decision to the extent of abandoning effort to reverse the decision by lawful means, is something that nobody claims.

In its editorial columns last week the Ann Arbor Register expressed the belief that a feeling unfavorable to the wisdom of nominating Mr. Blaine for President next year, is growing. It is certain that the republican party cannot go into the national campaign with any hope of success, unless the hearty and united support of the entire party for the nominee can be commanded. Mr. Cleveland will undoubtedly be the nominee of the democrats, and he will in our judgment receive the undivided support of his party at the polls. We doubt if there would be as much factional opposition to him from democrats as there was before, and without less of that than we had then in our party it is difficult to see where our hope of sufficient gains could be justified. With a fearless platform that shall be in harmony with the best sentiment of the party, and with a candidate against whom no factional bitterness should exist, there would be no occasion to apprehend defeat; but with a timid and trimming platform and a candidate not approved by the whole party, the chance for a further season of probation would be as good as Andover could desire.

OUR sprightly and able contemporary, the Lansing Journal, which is one of the best democratic papers in the state, seems to think the voters of its party sold themselves for money, last fall. It says, "The magnificent contest which Mr. Yaple waged last year for conviction and truth would have ended in a glorious triumph for the people if it had not been for millionaires McMillan's and Stockbridge's shameful use of money." The Journal is severe upon its party.

AN attraction quite unique at the county fair to be held at Cambridge, Ill., the first of next month, will be an old settler's log cabin, for the erection of which a grand "raising" occurs this week, attended by surviving pioneers from far and wide. The logs are contributed by individual old settlers, and in memory of those who are dead, and the cabin is to be furnished with all the belongings of the primitive home of early days and whatever ancient relics can be gathered, which are afterward to form a permanent museum. It is a good idea, and will have a historic value beyond the curious interest of the present occasion.

DID St. John take a hand in the Texas campaign? We didn't hear of it. One would expect the chief standard bearer of the prohibition party to unfurl his banner where so important a battle for prohibition was in progress; but he said in a recent speech, "We are fighting the republican party now," and as the republican party is not in Texas he could not go there without neglecting his business.

THE Charleston News and Courier says: "The G. A. R. must be made to understand that it must behave or disband." The subject will be considered at the next encampment, and the veterans will decide which alternative they prefer, and let the Charleston paper know. It was good of the News and Courier to allow any discretion at all, remembering how they once treated its directions with disrespect.

IN the Kentucky election, the republican vote was some 7,000 more than in 1884, the prohibition vote 8,000 more, and the labor vote 3,000 more than the greenback vote then; while the democratic vote was about 18,000 less than was cast three years ago. But Carlisle and Watterson are still going to read Randall out of their party.

TENNESSEE votes upon the adoption of a prohibition amendment Sept. 29. The prophets who promised success for the Texas amendment should now arise and give us pointers on Tennessee.

TO-MORROW occurs a total eclipse of the sun, invisible in this country. The line of totality, 125 miles wide, begins at Berlin and passes eastward

through Siberia and Japan, ending in the Pacific ocean. United States observers will be stationed at Tokio, Japan, and they can be advised by telegraph of the success of the European observers at Berlin and other stations, before the eclipse shall reach them. Further determinations as to the nature and extent of the corona, of great interest and importance, are anticipated from these observations.

DESTRUCTIVE CIVILIZATION.

Thomas E. Hill, in Hill's National Builder, discusses the cause of our excessive and increasing drouths, floods and tornadoes, and finds the chief explanation in the drainage of the land, and the only hopeful remedy in creating numerous artificial lakes and ponds to restore the depleted evaporation. This subject, the cause and the cure of the drouths and floods that are becoming every year more disastrous, is one that must engage the attention and the efforts of our best scientific men, and of the mass of intelligent people together, if we would escape being civilized into extinction. Certain it is that the meteorological conditions of this country have greatly changed for the worse in the last thirty years, and there can be little doubt that the change is attributable to the altered condition of the land surface which we have produced. Originally, there were swamps and marshes scattered throughout the country, in which the water was held back by the clogging trees and brush and grass, furnishing evaporating surface at frequent intervals everywhere. The result was frequent rains, and comparative freedom from excessive heat, tornadoes, and floods.

Now how changed is it! The swamp is cleared and ditched, and where pond and lagoon once existed, a parched cornfield appears. The marsh is drained and become a drought-scorched meadow. The forests have disappeared and the rains run swiftly down their smoothed surfaces to the brooks, leaving little for the soil. The once tortuous and choked channels of the brooks are cleared and straightened so that their waters can run swiftly away to the rivers; and a tile tube runs through every swale to drain away the water that succeeds in penetrating the soil. The result is scanty rains unequally distributed, producing drouth when they are withheld, and destructive floods when they come, because of the quickness with which the water is collected in the streams; and excessive heat, tornadoes, and other violent storms. This condition grows worse yearly, and it is reasonable to contemplate that we may in this way civilize our country out of existence—make it really uninhabitable, as large regions in Asia, once maintaining dense populations, are now uninhabitable deserts.

The suggestion to create numerous lakes and ponds with the water drawn out by the drainage, seems a very practical and sensible one. Such ponds would have a value in many ways beside tending to correct the serious evil under consideration. Michigan, it is true, is marvellously supplied with small lakes and ponds now, besides the great lakes which surround her; but Michigan does not prepare her own atmosphere altogether. The great states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota, which have not our wealth of lakes, have all likewise cleared and drained their marshy ground, and in the matter of atmosphere we are all one community. The comparative escape of the eastern states from the excessive drouths which so consume the central and western, is due to the proximity of the vast evaporating surface of the Atlantic ocean, and strongly supports this theory of the cause of drouth here.

Another theory is that the vast multiplication of electric wires, running in increasing bundles across the country in every direction, so modifies the electric conditions of the air as to produce the results we have noted. It is not unreasonable to suppose that this does have an important influence, and it enforces the reflection about the possibly suicidal tendencies of our civilization. We hope the whole subject may receive the careful attention of the National Science Association at its annual meeting in New York, and means be taken to arouse such general popular interest as shall develop the best results of science and inaugurate whatever practical measures shall seem to promise relief.

A MAN I KNEW.

I knew a man whom love of God did bless, Who loved his neighbor with such sweet excess; His face did beam with Love's own tenderness. A meekness rare, displayed with noble grace, Did sit triumphant on that saintly face; A pattern fine to bless the human race. With humble dignity he trod serene The path of duty with a princely mien;— Twixt him and duty naught might come betwixt.

Mark'd in each feature shining Virtue shone; Not proud nor cringing,—suppliant to none, He rendered homage to his Lord alone. He was a Friend, whom it was well to know, A friend to every one, both high and low; Who blessed him for the sweetness of his smile.

That came from out a heart that knew no guile, Where secret, honest purpose sat the white. So pure in heart that he his God did see,— The godly frankness of a godly tree,—

In every work of love that set him free From sin and death, the bondage of the soul. To live again in Christ, a perfect whole, He trod the path of wisdom to her goal.

His daily walk, so saintly and so true, Illumed with holy light the things he knew, It shone in all his actions through and through,—

Nor dared he question that the God who blessed should be him before all men confessed; In faith and spirit-calm his soul found rest. And doing well the work his hands did find— Not to the follies of the world inclined—

Brought solace of contentment to his mind; And sweetly when his daily work was done, And each full day its busy round had run, Recounted God's great blessings to his son; Then sought in contemplation to engage,

Or read from out the Psalmist's sacred page The songs that bless mankind in every age, That tell of tender mercies not curtailed, That tell of love that over sin prevailed,

The love of God that never yet has failed His creatures in their daily every need, So often failing of that love to need.

Each evening thus he lovingly did read; Then turning to the Gospels he'd expand

The wisdom and the love and truth profound In sermon on the Mount, and pass it round; By all his children loved a verse was read Before their mother took them up to bed, And each to her his nicely prayer said.

Ah, sweet the memories of those infant days, Those dear, undoubting, friendly, solemn ways,

When childish lips were taught their God to praise!

When round the evening fire the circle drew, And each the pleasures of the other knew; And after lessons and some pastimes few, The Bible brought, a solemn hush prevailed, And no impatient wish the calm assailed;

The jest and jesting stilled, the silence haled The spirit that the Book of Books invoked,

And awed the children who before had joked And with each other merry mirth provoked. Deep toned and mellow, clear, that manly voice

So well remembered! Wherest I rejoice That I can now recall those accents sweet,—

That mem'ry's ear can rise to heaven to meet— So long now buried in the grave's retreat;— So long all silent and not heard on earth— (To hear it once my worthless life were worth!) But now above in sphere of heav'nly birth Proclaiming praises; walking in its courts, Where love without its dangers now dispenses, And faith triumphant to the throne resorts.

And does that voice c'er stoop from heav'n to bless

With love's entreaty as the world grows less,

And with that sound my joyful soul cures?

The voice no other ever spoke but he,

Is't dead and lost to all but memory?

Then what is mem'ry if 't is not to be?

Can voices live the ghost of what they were,

Vibrations only of the empty air,

When that which struck the key hath gone no where?

Oh! is it nowhere, what we feel and hear

Which comes so plainly to the inward ear?

That makes sweet memories forever dear?

Are no more than our messengers of love?

Are heard and seen more ligaments but to move

The nothing made by motions in a groove

Of plastic brain, were matter, substance, nought

But atoms, that are nothing without thought,

Made and unmade, but vapor all, unthought,

Unreal, unknown, unfelt and unbelieved?

Are thus the senses and the man deceived?

And what is man, if thus of soul bereaved?

On God in heaven! Oh my very life,

My heart, my impulse to all noble strife,

What art Thou, and this frame with being rife?

And all the countless wonders of this spot,

This speck of matter, this small earthly dot,

Since Thou art nothing, and my soul is not?

My Father stoops, and whispers in my ear;

I know the voice, no other half so dear!

Over lapse of years can mem'ry speak so clear?

And it can people all my brain with sense

Of things long dead,—of persons gone from hence,

Of whom my spirit even asketh "Whence?"

If they are gone to be no where, no more,

Why is it that my being goes before

To find them in that region Nevermore?

And how can sense of them remain with me?

If they are not and nevermore can be?

Their loving voices heard, their forms I see,

As clearly now as when they took my hand

Before departing to that other land.

The very fragrance of their kisses bland!

Ah that would die with me if they were dead,

And I would die! If all they ever said

Did only move a brain within my head,

I would die! That part of this machine,—

A very subtle part, to all unseen,

Where glass and scalpel never yet have been,

That cannot know a friend that's gone before,

Nor hear his footsteps on that other shore,

Nor know his voice,—the voice he had of yore,

Nor feel the breathing of his yearning care,

Nor hear the accents of his godly pray'r,

Nor know the man, in heaven as everywhere,

Is dead! stone dead! though moving on the earth,

A sandy desert of Sahara's death,

Without a soul to dream of spirit birth!

Thus have I wandered from my topic brest,

My father's voice, that came in vision's rest,

Not mem'ry merely, to my soul addressed,

Why should I wander from the man I knew,

Who taught as virtue and to vice eschew,

What errors shun, and what of good possess?

Ah! I have wandered. But those scenes so dear

Die not within me, with their voices clear,

Of father, mother, sisters, all so near,

What memory is, what life, and what am I,

What all these voices in the earth and sky.

What is it all, if heart and life do lie?

But lie they do not! I am, and my kind

Do live and breathe the breath of life and mind,

Not air alone, nor bread, the food we find

Essential to the life on this sweet earth

In sunshine of God's blessing from our birth;

Without which living were of little worth.

These questions have I asked, and heard within

The answer that the Guide hath ever been

Of those who seek the Spirit's truth to win;

Not taught by Science, or in physics found,

Nor in the germs that grow from within the ground;

Not in the life of a desert of Sahara's death,

Without a soul to dream of spirit birth!

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Absolutely Pure.

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The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not even sit up without assistance or rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and trust that I honestly believe it to be the best tonic medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of a physician, who prescribed a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 388 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE.

It will remove the Humor from your skin system, and smooth these clean and bright skin which your beauty are caused by impure blood, and can be removed by the use of this medicine, if you will use the great and powerful rifle.

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AN INVITATION from General Boulanger to Baron Mohrenheim, the Russian minister to France, to pay him a visit is causing considerable comment at Paris.

A PHILADELPHIA barber displays a sign which announces that he is "proprietor of facial decorating saloon, tonsorial artist, physiognomical hair-dresser, and facial operator, cranius manipulator, and capillary abridger."

EASTERN railroads are preparing for a large increase in freight traffic this fall, but even now it is admitted it is doubtful whether the increased equipment will be sufficient to take care of all the shipments it is anticipated will be offered.

THE negotiations for a settlement of the cable war still hang fire. It is announced that the Commercial company has notified the other companies that if an advance is not made to 40 cents a word within a week it will make a cut to 12 cents.

THE Order of American Firemen, which has just been organized at New York, has adopted a constitution which restricts the membership to white men. The color line was drawn, it is said, in order to meet the wishes of firemen from the "new south."

SOME one threw a head of cabbage at Ignatius Donnelly while he was making a speech once. He paused a second and said: "Gentlemen, I only asked for your ears; I don't care for your heads!" He was not bothered any more during the remainder of his speech.

A NEW cookery-book gives the information that originally "man ate nothing, but imbibed nutriment by the osmosis from the air." Upon this theory, the evolution of man has been attended with much inconvenience, and marked by descent from spirit to matter.

A SENSATION has been created at Boston by the desecration of graves underlying Boylston street by workmen of an electric light company, who are digging a trench. A number of bones and skulls have been exhumed, and some of them have been hung up on the fence of the Common.

PATMASTER DANIEL N. BASH, of the United States army, who was robbed of \$7,300 in Wyoming last March by a cowboy, has been suspended from duty. The investigation of the affair made by a court of inquiry is said to have revealed carelessness and negligence on the part of Major Bash.

GARDEN, Mich., had a narrow escape from total destruction by fire Wednesday. The wind, which had been blowing the flames from a doomed livery stable dangerously near a row of frame buildings, suddenly changed, and the calamity was averted. The fire was started, it is said, by incendiaries.

DURING the first half of 1887 the imports of American wheat into the United Kingdom were 73.5 per cent. of all imports of that cereal, against 60.8 per cent. in 1886, and 60.6 in 1885. American wheat sells in England 8 cents higher per bushel than East India product, and 5 cents higher than Russian wheat.

THE Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective association have just issued their annual compilation of the state laws regulating hunting and fishing, corrected to date. Besides the laws in details schedules are printed with the open seasons for all kinds of fish and game and penalties for catching and killing out of season.

IN SAN FRANCISCO, one night recently, two pugilists were engaged in a prize-fight when the chief of police entered the ring and stopped the exhibition. Then he demanded to see the gloves, and insisted that a round should be sparred in order to assure him of its peaceful character, and, being satisfied, he withdrew and the fight went on.

SARAH BERNHARDT is said to have shocked her dear Paris by emphatically declaring, "I cannot play any more in Paris. You Parisians are too poor, I like butter on my bread. So I will have to return to America!" Her pet tiger, which she is pleased to call an Algerian black cat, has been fined 100 francs for disturbing neighboring families.

PRINCE KRAPOTKINE, the Russian nihilist, has written a letter to M. Rochefort, reprobating the tributes paid by the French republicans to the memory of M. Katoff. M. Rochefort refuses to print the letter, although he says that as a socialist he approves its contents. But as a Frenchman he reveres the memory of M. Katoff, because M. Katoff was a hater of Germany.

IT is a common thing for sailors on west-bound English steamers to find from ten or fifteen stowaways. The freight-handlers are great friends to the tramps who wish to make an inexpensive voyage. In vessels that bring over brick the leaders will build up a little room around two or three men, and in several cases from a dozen to two dozen men have thus been secreted.

A MARRIAGE took place Monday, at 11:30 o'clock, by telegraph from Fort Supply for Fort Sill, Indian Territory, a distance of two hundred miles. The contracting parties were Mr. Clark Smith and Miss Emsey Nason; Joseph Fox, United States commissioner, officiating, and William Garvey and H. F. Ambrose witnessing. Everything went lovely, and a full ceremony was given by means of lightning.

AN OATH-BOUND labor organization, known as "The Brotherhood," is said to have gained a large membership in New England. It was founded in May, 1886, and its objects appear to be substantially the same as those of the Knights of Labor, except that its policy is opposed to strikes. The names of its officers, the location of its headquarters, and the extent of its ramifications are carefully guarded secrets.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

FIRE RECORD.

The Marblehead Lime Works, south of Quincy, Ill., were burned Saturday. Loss, \$30,000. All the property burned, with the exception of the depot and post office, was owned by the Chicago Lumber Company, of Chicago. Nearly covered by insurance.

The barn connected with the asylum for the insane at Mendota, near Madison, Wis., was destroyed by fire early Friday morning, and property valued at \$29,000 consumed. The inmates of the asylum, which caught on the roof, were frantic, and it was with difficulty they could be controlled.

Hanna, Ill., center of the great hay market, was almost destroyed by fire Wednesday. The flames started from a spark from a locomotive, and burned thousands of tons of hay, hay presses, and other implements. The fire was spreading over the town, when a heavy rain fell, extinguishing it. The damage is very great.

The Kansas City Box Factory was destroyed by fire Wednesday night with \$11,000 damage. James Sturuvan, a watchman, perished in the flames.

Root and Heidmann's flour-mill at Elgin, Ill., was entirely destroyed by fire Wednesday night; loss \$5,000.

The fire losses in the United States and Canada during July were \$21,026,500, which is double the average July losses for the last twelve years.

CASUALTIES.

At Montgomery, Ill., early Friday a Chicago, Burlington & Quincy main line freight dashed into the end of a Fox River freight. An engine and a number of cars were wrecked, and four men wounded, two of whom are not expected to recover.

A passenger train ran off a bridge at Albany, Ga., Thursday night, all the cars were wrecked. Thirteen persons are reported wounded, but none killed.

Richard Eggleston, an 80-year-old farmer of Madison, Wis., was attacked and almost squeezed to death by a spotted adder Thursday. The reptile wound itself around its aged victim and repeatedly struck its fangs into the legs of his trousers, but his limbs being protected except in Wisconsin.

The sum of \$5,462,000 in 4½ bonds was offered for redemption on Wednesday at the National Treasury. The Secretary accepted the offer of the Suffolk Bank, of Boston, for \$260,000 registered bonds at 1.10 flat. All the other proposals were rejected, as the rates were not considered favorable.

POLITICAL.

Judge Edward W. Pettus, of Alabama, is said to have been fixed upon by the President for the existing vacancy on the supreme bench.

A conference of leading republicans was held Tuesday night in Senator Mahone's residence at Petersburg, Pa., at which favorable reports of the condition of the party in the State were received.

Governor Foraker will formally open the Ohio Campaign of 1887 at Caldwell, Noble County, Sept. 7.

GENERAL.

Three men were killed and another fatally injured by the caving in of a shaft in the Ashland mine, near Hurley, Wis., Wednesday evening.

At midnight Wednesday an excursion train of sixteen cars on the Toledo, Peoria & Western Road was wrecked near Chatsworth, Ill., a locomotive and ten cars falling through a trestle that had been burned by prairie fires. The cars were smashed to splinters, and the sleeping occupants mangled and maimed in a terrible manner. Latest reports place the number of dead at 48, while 115 persons were wounded, many of whom it is feared can not recover.

Members of the Third Regiment Band were pummeled in by a fire in the fourth story of a building at Concord, N. H., Tuesday night. Some jumped and others dropped from the window-sills to the ground. Those with him ran to assist him, but he had joined his friend.

The White River Utes are on the war-path, and are in force under the old renegade Chief Colorow, at Meeker, Col., the scene of the great massacre.

Constitutional protestations of mutual affection between the two sovereigns a European war, with Austria and Germany on opposite sides, would seem to be imminent.

The French wheat crop will exceed that of last year by about five millions of hectares. The harvest reports from Russia are favorable.

The British trade returns for July show an increase of \$700,000 in exports and a decrease of £490,000 in imports as compared with July, 1886.

A party of nationalist excursionists from Belfast were mobbed by Orangemen, near that city, Sunday. Bottles and pistols were freely used, and many heads were broken.

The remains of M. Katoff, the Russian journalist, have been interred with imposing ceremonies in a monastery at Moscow.

The new Hawaiian government is investigating the peculiar transactions of the syndicate which placed the recent national loan in England. The contract with the syndicate allowed 5 per cent. commission and 2 per cent. for expenses, and it is claimed that the syndicate attempted to squeeze large sums out of the government for alleged expenses in addition to the amounts to which it was entitled under the contract.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.

BEEF—Extra Choice to Fancy..... \$4.00 @ 4.50
FAT to Good..... 3.85 @ 4.25
Poor to Medium..... 3.50 @ 4.10
National Grassers..... 3.15 @ 3.50
Pork, Lard & Hams..... 3.15 @ 3.50
Fat Cows..... 1.75 @ 2.50
Milk Cows—per head..... 2.00 @ 40.00
Hogs—Range..... 5.10 @ 5.40
Hogs—Range..... 5.10 @ 5.40
HOGS—Range..... 2.00 @ 2.50
WHEAT—No. 2 Winter..... 71 @ 74¢
No. 2 Spring..... 69 @ 72¢
CORN—No. 2..... 37 @ 38¢
OATS—No. 2..... 22 @ 25¢
POTATOES—Per bushel..... 7.00 @ 1.00
POULTRY—Chickens, per lb..... 9 @ 15
Ducks..... 1.50 @ 2.00
Turkeys..... 6 @ 8
BUTTER—Choice Creamery..... 20 @ 21
Fine Dairy..... 18 @ 16
Lard..... 1.50 @ 1.75
CHEESE—Full Cream..... 68 @ 70¢
Off Grades..... 1.04 @ 1.05
Eggs—Fresh, per dozen..... 11 @ .12

NEW YORK.

BEEF—Choice to Fancy..... 2.85 @ 4.20
HOGS..... 5.30 @ 5.50
WHEAT—No. 2, Red..... 81 @ 81¢
CORN—No. 2, White..... 33 @ 33¢
OATS..... 24 @ 34¢

ST. LOUIS.

BEEF—Choice Natives..... 2.85 @ 4.20
HOGS..... 5.30 @ 5.50
SHEEP..... 3.15 @ 4.10
WHEAT—No. 2, Red..... 71 @ 74¢
CORN—No. 2, White..... 33 @ 33¢
OATS..... 24 @ 34¢

MILWAUKEE.

WHEAT—No. Red..... 71 @ 74¢
CORN..... 37 @ 40¢
OATS..... 36 @ 38¢

TOLEDO.

WHEAT—No. 2, Red..... 74 @ 74¢
CORN..... 40 @ 43¢
OATS..... 29 @ 30

Detroit.

WHEAT—No. 2, Red..... 74 @ 74¢
CORN..... 40 @ 43¢
OATS..... 29 @ 30

INDIANAPOLIS.

BEEF..... 2.50 @ 4.30
HOGS..... 5.25 @ 5.40
SHEEP..... 2.00 @ 2.80
WHEAT—No. 2, Red..... 73 @ 74¢
CORN..... 33 @ 33¢
OATS..... 22 @ 25¢

BUFFALO.

WHEAT—No. 2, Red..... 79 @ .84
No. 2, White..... 80 @ .85
CORN..... 40 @ 43¢
OATS..... 36 @ 38¢

PHILADELPHIA.

WHEAT—No. 2, Red..... 79 @ .84
No. 2, White..... 80 @ .85
CORN..... 40 @ 43¢
OATS..... 36 @ 38¢

DETROIT.

WHEAT—No. 2, Red..... 74 @ 74¢
CORN..... 40 @ 43¢
OATS..... 29 @ 30

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DETROIT.

WHEAT—No. 2,

I SHALL FIND REST.

A little further on—
There will be time—I shall find rest
anon:
Thus do we say while eager youth invites
Young hope to try her wings in wanton
fights,
And nimble fancy builds the soul a nest
On some far crag; but soon youth's
fame is gone—
Burned lightly out—while we repeat the
jest
With smiling confidence,—I shall find rest
A little further on.

A little further on—
I shall find rest; half-fiercely we arow
When noon beats on the dusty field and
care
Threats to unjoint our armour, and the
glare
Throbs with the pulse of battle while life's
best
Flies with the flitting stars; the frenzied
bow
Pains for the laurel more than for the breast
Where love soft nesting waits. Not
now, not now,
With feverish breath we cry, I shall find rest
A little further on.

A little further on—
I shall find rest; half-sad, at last, we say,
When sorrow's settling cloud blurs out
the gleam
Of fiery torch, and to a vanished dream
Love's palace has been turned then—all
depressed,
Despairing, sick at heart—we may not stay
Our weary feet so lonely then doth seem
This shadow-haunted world. We, so
unblest,
Weep not to see the grave which waits
its guest;
And feeling round our feet the cool,
sweet clay,
We speak the fading world farewell, and
say:
Not on this side—alas!—I shall find rest
A little further on.

—[Robert Burns Wilson, in the Century Magazine.]

MADOLINE'S FATE.

BY K. T.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"You have kept your promise," he said, rising painfully and moving towards her. "I pray Heaven I may be able to repay you for your kindness to me some day!"

"Did you not expect me?" she asked, a little reproachful, lest he had not put full faith in her.

"Indeed, yes," he answered gravely.

"If I tell the truth, I must confess I did think you would come back; but why you should I cannot understand, for one of whom you know nothing."

She laughed softly as she lifted the snowy *serviette* from the basket and offered him the cup of soup she had brought hot from the fire.

"Why does it seem wonderful? she asked, glad to see how gratefully he emptied the cup. "Would you not have done as much for me?"

"That would be a different matter altogether. What man could see you in peril and not risk his life, if need be, to save you? But for myself, what claim have I on such compassion?"

"The same. Besides, do you not think it is a pleasure to be able to do something useful for one in trouble? I have wasted so many hours, so many days, doing nothing, helping nobody; now I feel that I am living for some good, and as long as I can help you, I shall be happier than when I had no care in the world."

Her words moved him strangely. She was close beside him, and looking at her with his deep gaze, he took her hand and touched it almost reverently with his lips.

It was a kiss of loyalty, of homage, such as he might have given his queen, and there was a courtliness in his bearing which was not lost upon Madoline.

"My good angel—My Maid of the Mill," he answered, the depth of his soul expressed in a few words; "you are to me like a pure fountain springing up from a scorched desert—a star shining out of a night full of bitter tempest! You have given me hope and strength. I feel now that it is worth fighting to live."

Madoline scarcely comprehended all he meant. She had befriended him in a time of need, and he was grateful. This was the one conclusion she drew from his manner, and she was content to have it so.

That his soft winning ways had roused any deeper emotion in his breast, did not occur to her; and yet when she had left him, some of the half-wondering tenderness—such as Margaret's voice had called to the heart of Faust, governed his thoughts, and he reflected that if men ever loved at first sight, it must be for the sake of such innocent purity as shone in the eyes of the girl who had lightened the dark prisoned hours from which he could not escape.

Madoline returned to the farm, without her mission being discovered, and although, for the rest of day, she was silent and pre-occupied, nobody suspected anything unusual had transpired to take her thoughts from her home, and she was left to dream, uninterrupted, over her secret.

It was not until late in the evening that she had any cause for immediate alarm.

In spite of the sunshine which had made the day so warm, the air grew chilly towards night, and a cheery fire burned in the large handsomely furnished sitting-room, inviting the inmates to gather round the hearth for a cosy chat.

Mr. Clyde, leaning back in his comfortable chair, was glancing over a newspaper, and near him, bent over some bright-colored embroidery, was his sister, Mrs. DeCourcey, who, since the loss of his young wife years ago, had taken upon herself the duties of a mother to Madoline.

Stern duties they were, too, and the girl had been brought up in such awe of Aunt Esther, that all sympathy between them seemed forbidden, that only a cold relationship reigned instead.

There was a piece of half-finished tapestry-work placed prominently on a table near Mrs. DeCourcey, but although Madoline knew it was put there for her, she let her gaze fall idly over the little pile of wool, and stood restlessly by the window, thinking of the bleak darkness outside, and the solitary prisoner up in the old mill!

"My dear, don't you think you would be better if you came over to the table, and occupied yourself with something? Surely it can not be so amusing to stand in that draught with nothing but a sigh with which to break the monotony. It is really

shocking to see you wasting your time so persistently."

Madoline gave a slight start, and a deeper shade flushed her cheeks, as she moved to her father's side.

"What is the matter, my pet? Has the day been too long for you?"

"No; but my thoughts had wandered away. I had almost forgotten where I was when Aunt Esther spoke just now."

"You must take a ride with me tomorrow morning," her father said, drawing her down onto a stool at his side, and keeping his arm around her. "A gallop across the country always puts you in spirits. By the way, have you read Lucien's letter?"

She shook her head. The name of her aunt's stepson awoke no pleasant memories in her mind, and in the glowing embers of the fire she still saw the pale sunken features of the stranger, who was suffering alone, where none could hear if he called out in the pain of death.

"I don't know whether your Lucien will find flattery by such a show of indifference," Mrs. DeCourcey remarked with a touch of displeasure. "I believe his one reason for coming is because of you, Madoline—in fact, I may as well be candid with you," she added, without lifting her eyes from her work, "and let you know the truth. He is coming in the hope of winning you to his wife."

Madoline looked up in a blank surprise; then after the first shock of astonishment had subsided, she burst into a low rippling laugh.

"How absurd!" she exclaimed, her eyes shining with amusement. "Did he really say that?"

"Is it so very surprising?" Mrs. DeCourcey asked testily. "I can not comprehend why you should consider his resolution in any way ridiculous, unless, of course, you reflect that he is coming rather far out of his way, when there are so many from whom he might choose. A young man in his position does not need to beg for a wife."

"No, Madoline assented, trying to look grave; "therefore he should not come to me."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. DeCourcey said, turning her eyes slowly on her wifelike figure.

"Only if there were but one single man in the world, and that man were Lucien, I would not marry him."

Mrs. DeCourcey smiled scornfully.

"You are talking without reason, Madoline. You have not had sufficient experience to be able to judge your own feelings. Lucien is no saint, but you might find many men worse than he—few better."

"Your aunt is right," Mr. Clyde remarked, stroking Madoline's hair, as he laid his paper down on his knees. "Here's a case I have just been reading of a young scoundrel who has been forging his father's name to such an extent as to cause ruin to his entire family. He was tried, found guilty, and condemned to a felon's punishment; but somehow he managed to escape before the sentence could be carried out, and there is now a large reward offered for him. Strangely enough, it is in this direction he has been tracked, so I shall tell the men to keep a sharp look-out for all tramps, and if he's found lurking about he will not receive much mercy at my hands."

"Yet he has done us no harm," Madoline said after a silence. "And will not the loss of a son be greater than the loss of a fortune?"

"My dear child, have you not yet learned to distinguish between the laws of right and wrong? Has your education been so painfully neglected? You certainly seem to have formed some very strange ideas."

Madoline held her point, notwithstanding this reproof.

"It would be hard to convince me it is not an unnatural thing for a father to condemn his own son. He should be the first to forgive him."

"A man forfeits all right to forgive when he acts as Ronald Castleton has done. To him should be applied the word unnatural, not to the one who but justly repudiated his villainy. I will go at once and set the men on the watch."

Madoline held his hand so that he could not rise.

But, dad, do you know all the story? Are you sure it is not a mistake? Are you certain Ronald Castleton is guilty? See what it says here," she added, as her glance fell upon the column he had been reading: "Prisoner, on being asked if he had anything to say, replied, 'Nothing; except that I hope yet to prove my innocence of the charge brought against me; and I regret that your blind judgment—your disbelief in my word, given in all truth and honor, enables the unsuspected criminal to lawfully escape? Does that seem as if it uttered a lie?'" she asked, looking up from the paper.

"Undoubtedly—beside his after conduct—the clever way in which he gave them the slip! But, there, I don't wish to pollute your mind with such a dark history. The fellow is a scoundrel, and if I had the chance of handing him over to justice, you should see the kind of pity I should have."

Madoline returned to the farm, without her mission being discovered, and although, for the rest of day, she was silent and pre-occupied, nobody suspected anything unusual had transpired to take her thoughts from her home, and she was left to dream, uninterrupted, over her secret.

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"I dare say it is a mistake—I dare say he has not even made his escape to this part of the country," she thought, trying to set her fears at rest. "If they are going to make a search, it will be dangerous for my secret—very dangerous."

What if in searching for Ronald

FOR THE LADIES.

A Pretty Bather Nonplussed.

Says an Atlantic City letter: "As I sat to-day in one of the many comfortable pavilions gratuitously provided for visitors, looking at the thousand different bathers—I noticed a young girl in bathing dress, with a fancy, grayish bathing Tam O'Shanter. About every three and a half seconds she would go out into deep water and bashfully reach down as if feeling the bottom for shells. Her companion was a dudish young fellow, with the promise of a light mustache. He did not seem to comprehend the situation, and seemed too modest to question his girl. She, however, continued to stoop down and apparently sound the bottom before going further out. The young man gazed and the girl blushed. It required little penetration to discover that the girl was sorely perplexed. She looked down the coast, then up the coast. She looked at the young man, her escort, and then screwing up her courage, deliberately walked ashore. The thievish breakers had robbed her of both her circular elastic appendages and her stockings threatened, in consequence, to drop off. Here was a dilemma! No one of the bathers could supply the missing elastic, and there was no time to dilly-dally before miles of spectators. But the girl was equal to the emergency. As her sunburnt face took on a maiden blush, she quietly and modestly removed both stockings, held them in her hands, and then went into deep water. Her escort looked scared, but said nothing. As she came out of the surf, after her bath had been completed, holding in her hands the pair of black stockings, the spectators beheld a pair of well-turned ankles, limbs shapely, as white as the blooming cotton. The next day the lady bathed further up the coast, and wore a brand-new pair of pretty elastics, while her bashful escort was conspicuous by his absence. While occasionally a female bather may be seen who discards stockings as unnecessary and unhand-some articles of apparel, the absence of foot covering never fails to create a sensation, particularly when the bather is of a trim, neat figure."

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Concerning the articles recently published about the failing health of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the following note from her own hand can not but be of interest. The handwriting is firm and regular:

"I was 76 on my last birthday, and have all my bodily powers perfect; can walk from three to seven miles per day without undue fatigue; have a healthy appetite, and quiet sleep every night. In view of all these items, I scarcely think that I am a subject for lamentation. I do not lament over myself.

"It is true that I do not intend to write any more for the public. I always thought that authors should stop in good time, before readers stop reading, and I think I may have done my part, and ought to leave the stage to younger actors.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE."

Fashion Notes.

The favorite reticule is the Marguerite pocket.

The fan of seven sticks is the fancy of the moment.

Lovely tinted ribbons trim dressy morning camisoles.

The frock of white pique is again in favor for little girls.

There is a tendency in Paris toward hats with low crowns.

Dotted fabrics are as fashionable as plaited or barred stuffs.

The latest shade of blue-green takes the name of wave blue.

The neck is dressed as high as ever in spite of the hot weather.

The Norfolk is the favorite jacket for little girls as well as little boys.

Rows of white Chantilly and Valenciennes lace are worn by French women this summer.

Mitts of silk take precedence of gloves on all except very dressy occasions at the moment.

Pin head dotted white muslins are revived for young girls' wear. They are worn over colored slips or white ones at pleasure.

Some exquisite camisoles or morning sacques for house wear are made of embroidered muslin in "all over" designs, with borders to match.

As long as the Princess of Wales is the leader of fashion on the other side of the water we will have high and close neck and throat dressing.

China crêpe shoulder scarfs and small white and tinted shawls, with deep netted fringes, are the favorite piazza wraps at watering places.

The prettiest summer bonnets and hats are of straw, trimmed with white mulle, white laces, white flowers, white ostrich tips, white aigrettes, and white \$100.

In some instances the linen is embroidered, and this increases the price \$14 or \$15. A late craze is for cipher monograms, and nearly all the linen sent out is embroidered that way. Some of the larger families still stick to monograms, while others of the elder stock insist upon having their coat-of-arms embroidered thereon. The best French tablecloths and napkins are nearly all woven at Sierré, in France. The work is done entirely by hand. The dax from which the linens are woven come mostly from the neighbourhood of Contrai in Flanders, where a fine variety is raised. It is so long and slender as to require support while growing."

Domestic Service in England.

We had a most genial landlady, says a London letter, whose own personalty formed no small portion of our enjoyment, and while she regarded us with the tinge of respect and deference always shown by tradespeople in England to those they consider their superiors, or people of leisure, she was nothing loath to chat with us of an evening or at 5 o'clock tea time about the people of the place, "old times" there in the neighborhood, and the like.

Costumes of white silk and silver, and costumes of silver gray cloth with steel embroidery and gray pearls, come among the latest importations from Paris.

The prettiest summer parasols are of cream colored satin, with a white Spanish lace cover overhanging the canopy, the handles of the parasol being of white wood decorated with spruced designs.

Home dressing sacques for the breakfast and morning hours are of white French lawn, and come in improved shapes, and they are as frequently trimmed with tucks and hemmed as with lace and embroidery.

For domestic wear around the house are pretty dressing sacques and blouse waists of speckled, dotted, striped, and sprigged linen lawns and percales, intended for wear with colored wool or cotton skirts. The collars and cuffs of these garments are scolloped and buttonhole garnished with colored cotton red, blue, pink or lilac, to match the dots or lines or figures on the lawn or percale of the waists.

The latest fancy in hair dressing is the coiffure à la vraie Greque, not high on the head, but drawn up in a close coil, rolled under something like a French twist on the back of the head, brushed off the temples and forehead, with only a few light curly tresses falling from under a riviére of jewels or a Greek fillet that just touches the top of the forehead and describes a straight line to the back of the head. The whole effect is very close, and no additional hair is required.

Novelties in Jewelry.

The favorite flower designs are now used in belt buckles.

Toilet articles of oxidized silver in heraldic designs are much used.

A new ornament for the hair is a large oxidized silver ball set in an amber pin.

Silver match-boxes are ornamented with gorgeously-colored imitations of fishing "flies."

Necklaces of silver beads are becoming fashionable. They have much the effect of pearls.

A silver anchor entwined with small flowers in enamel of natural colors, is the newest idea in lace pins.

Cylindrical porte bonheur bracelets are ornamented with a four-leaf clover in green enamel with a diamond stem.

The tiger-eye is a stone which is much used in men's jewelry. An owl carved from this stone is a favorite watch charm.

Memory Canes.

One of the latest fads affected by Albany young ladies is a craze for "memory" canes. The young lady's attendant, whom or constant, as the case may be, is expected

The Ypsilantian.

The Belleville Campmeeting.

Violation of Contract Causes the Association to Take Earnest Measures.

The campmeeting of the Detroit District of the Methodist church, at Belleville, closed on Monday. The attendance through last week was better than at any previous meeting on that ground, and with more cottages it would have been still larger. All of the cottages were occupied, and some new ones built. The Sunday attendance was less than in former years, owing to the rain, but the troublesome element did not stay away.

Some unpleasantness was caused by disregard of the terms of the contract on which the ground is leased by the campmeeting association. The conditions prohibit the sale of tobacco on the ground, and all huckstering on Sunday. There was complaint two years ago that Mr. Ingersoll, who has possession of the property by lease of the farm and thus succeeds to the rights and obligations prescribed in the original lease of the campground, violated those conditions; and his promise was then required and given that such violations should not continue, as the condition on which the ground would be occupied this year. That promise was entirely disregarded, and a stand was kept running upon the ground last Sunday, at which pop, peanuts, melons, tobacco, etc., were freely sold; and just outside the gate, in the land leading to the grounds, cigars and tobacco were sold, and the entrance was blocked by a crowd of smoking and disagreeable people, to the great scandal of the worshippers. All of that selling was in violation of the law of the state as well as of the written and verbal agreements under which the ground was occupied.

Public attention was called to it by Presiding Elder McElroy, Mr. Springer, and others, on Sunday, and it was denounced as an invasion of the rights of the worshippers and a violation of contract for which the association was not responsible and to which they would not submit. On Monday a business meeting was held, and resolutions adopted reciting the grievance and declaring the contract broken by Mr. Ingersoll's conduct, and therefore void; that the association could not be a willing party to such violation of law and desecration of the Sabbath, and that they would therefore require of Mr. Ingersoll a written agreement to refrain from the sale of everything on the campground on Sunday except meals and lunches in the boarding house, with a bond of \$200 for its faithful observance; and that in case of his refusal the association would hold no more meetings there, and as individuals they would refuse to attend any meeting that might be held there. The Presiding Elder was requested to select three ministers and two laymen, who should form a committee with himself as chairman, to select a site for a district campground and report to the trustees at their next meeting. If necessary to secure freedom from such annoyance, the association will buy or lease ground elsewhere, and Mr. Ingersoll will find himself in the position of the greedy individual who killed the fowl that laid the auriferous egg.

A Great Military Event.

Chicago is to have an international encampment and prize drill, Oct. 1 to 20, on a scale unexampled in this country. Prizes amounting to \$42,000 are offered in sixteen classes—for battalion, company and individual contests in the various arms, bands, etc. United States troops and marines will be present, and a general officer of the army will be in command. Invitations to the foreign governments of the world are extended, and the attendance of several foreign companies is already promised. Prizes range as high as \$3,500. Here is a chance for the Michigan troops.

Saline.

The Saline Arbeiter Society hold a picnic at Bassett's Grove the 24th. The Presbytery S. S. gave an excursion to Detroit yesterday.

The M. E. S. S. give a picnic at Bassett's Grove to-morrow.

The I. O. G. T. Lodge disbanded and the amount in the treasury invested in ice cream.

Several took in the game of ball at the Ridge the 13th.

It was decided by a large majority the other day (on the streets in Saline) that any body who would go fishing would fall the biggest lie.

Fannie Sanford of Hamilton, N. Y., is visiting her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Sanford, on Henry street.

Ed Beckman is home from Dakota. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Fowler on the 13th a girl baby.

A. M. Clark has gone to Ypsilanti to try the mineral water.

Bert Ward of Clinton is visiting Bert Gillen.

Sam and Peter Weinert and their sisters Mrs. R. W. Mills and Mrs. John Smith were called to Peoria, Ill., to attend the funeral of their brother who was killed in the railroad accident.

Pittsfield.

Misses Eloise and Ida Crittenden are spending the week in Chautauqua. Having finished the prescribed course of reading they are members of the Chautauqua graduating class of the present year.

Mr. Pomeroy and family of Cleveland spent Sunday as the guests of Mr. D. Rathfon.

Deacon Canfield has returned from New York.

The literary society on Independent street held a social last Friday evening.

The Pittsfield Union Sunday School held a picnic next week.

Report says F. D. Rathfon will remove to the city soon.

Max Robbins is spending a few weeks in Detroit.

Frank Morgan and family of Howell spent part of last week with his mother.

Harvest Excursions.

The Great Rock Island Route (C. I. & P. R'y) will sell Aug. 30, Sept. 20 and Oct. 11, Harvest Excursion tickets at ONE FARE THE ROUND TRIP to principal points in Kansas, Nebraska, Northwestern Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota—limit 30 days from date of sale. For tickets or further information address,

E. A. HOLBROOK,
Gen. Ticket and Passenger Ag't.,
Chicago, Ill.

"AT EARLY CADLE-LIGHT."

ROBERT MCINTYRE.

When the circuit-riders spoke it, the good old hymn phrase,
Grew fragrant with the odor of the old heroic days,
For my heart was warm within me, down my western face,
Slowly I moved, as I listened to the gray-haired pioneer.
But my happiness went from me when he bent a text to cite
That said the heavenly city has no early candle-light.

I know the moon is lovely, when the whims wreaths of cloud
Lie like pleated purple furrows, with a share of silver plowed:

And the early low kneeling, on the prairie so cold,
Dull and calm of dawn is blowing into flames of ruddy gold;

And pools of light are sweeping through the leafy dye of night,
But 'tis not so hushed and holy as the early candle-light.

Sweet the light of noon in summer, when through the lattice blows

The ruined rose that clammers where the cool clematis grows,
And the sunbeams the uplands takes the light upon its spears,

And the drowsy cattle wading browse the buds in filled meres,

And the hawks blue gyres sweeping up the sky of sunlight.

But my soul it cannot solace like the early candle-light.

I sit and picture eve in Eden, when not a leaf does stir,

And every song grows silent, hushed each breath of the minister:

When through the quiet twilight, down a path of paradise,

To the gate comes bonny baby Katie, with welcome in her eyes,

And, as she comes, pearl, lifts the latch of Jasper bright,

As she used to do, and leads me through at early candle-light.

SHE LOVED MUCH.

MARIA U. DRAKE.

When I am dead, let friends speak low, and come with quiet voices.

To look their last upon a still, sad face

Death's sweet relish—O'er me, then, with calm of perfect peace—

What this at last they see.

What will they say of me?

They can not say:

She made such light and sunshine round our way,

We met great joy, we can not bear the days

Spent with her on in their accustomed ways;

There is no sweetest left;

Since of her presence glad we are bereft.

No, no; it can not be

They will say thus of me.

They can not say:

"Such were hers, the world will pause to-day."

To other words of praise—sweet tribute due

To one so blessed—and, bravely true,

So worthy of her trust;

Sleep well, beloved, the great world will be

With you, too."

I know it can not be

They will say thus of me.

Alas! they can not say:

"She was so good, so pure in heart alway.

Her holy life was our true guiding star;

We can not see God's mercy—angels are

So plenty in there;

But still but still, and that they could not spare."

Alas! it can not be

They will say thus of me.

THE OLD HOME.

It sleeps beneath the sunny hill
As in a tranquil dream;

The giant elms are spreading still
Above the meadow stream.

Wild birds that join in music sweet

Find a quiet sleep and comfort here;

Behind these lofty boughs,

All day among the scented grass

The cricket leap and sing again;

And green and golden shadows pass

Like swallows on the wing.

How calmly in the sheltered nook

The summer hours may go,

Yet bright and joyous as the brook

That sings with deep ring now!

O world, with all thy cities' pride,

Thy plains and valleys green,

Thou hast not in the bound'ry wide

So sweet, so fair a scene!

MY OWN SHALL COME.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

Serene I hold my hands and wait,

Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;

I have no 'gainst time nor fate, nor fear,

For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,

For what avails this eager pace?

I stand amid the eternal ways,

And what is mine shall know my face.

Sleep, awake, by night or day,

The friends I seek are seeking me;

Nor wind can drive my bark astray,

Nor change the tide of life.

What matter if I stand alone?

I wait with joy the long, long years:

My own shall come to me where I stand,

And gather up its fruits and tears.

The waters know their own and draw

The brook that springs on yonder height;

So flows the good with equal law

Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come right to the sky,

The tidal wave unto the sea;

Not tame, nor space, nor deep, nor high,

Can keep my own away from me.

DISILLUSION.

BY MARY W. PLUMMER.

MORNING.

Come, sweet, the world is so, hand in

Let us fare forth to win our victories.

The world is queen of beauty and of love,

As in the old, bright days of tournament;

And I will wear thy colors in my heart,

And on my brow the seal of victory.

Of the world's a king, and he is bold,

And shapes of evil that infest the light,

Then, when the jousts are ended and the

giant falls,

Then comes the day when all the world

Is blindfolded and alone I stand,

With unknown thresholds on each hand;

The darkness deepens as I grope,

Afraid to test the type;

For I have only one thing I learn to know

Each day more surely as I go,

That doors are opened, ways are made,

Burdens are lifted or laid

By some great hand, and still

Unfinished purpose to fulfill,

EVENING.

The days are shortening,—will forgive me,

For the long turnroll I have led thee through

But not right, it is weak against the world.

Here on thy shoulder let me rest my head,

My weary head that aches from life's long din;

And in thy comforting let me forget

The disappointments of the world,

As all that made my days a vulgar strife,